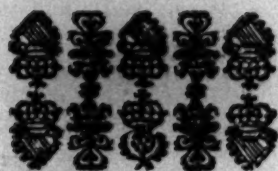


204.
A Funeral *Age 2*
ECLOGUE
TO THE
PIOUS MEMORY
Of the Incomparable
M^{rs.} WHARTON.

Licensed, *Novemb.* 21.

Roger L'Estrange.



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A Funeral ECLOGUE, &c.

DAMON. ALEXIS.

Dam.

A *Lexis*, why that Cloud upon your Brow ?
Has lovely *Chloris* lately broke her Vow,
And the sad News greeted your Ears but now ?
It must be so ; that, sure, must be the cause,
That from your Eyes this bleeding Deluge draws.

Alex.

VVere it no more than a frail *Nymph* unkind,
It rather shou'd divert, than wound my Mind ;
For he that grieves when such their Love estrange,
As well may grieve, because the VVind will change.
No, *Damon*, no ; my Sorrows fetch their Spring
From a more sad, a more important Thing :
VVere all my Life to be one mourning day,
Or could my heart dissolve in Tears away,
'Twere yet a Tribute for our Loss too small ; —
Our Loss I call it, for it wounds us all !

Dam.

Still to your Sighs you call a fresh Supply,
And still you do conceal, the Reason why.

Alex. Oh ! Is it possible thou shou'd'st not know
 The Fatal Chance that has unman'd me so
 When Sorrow does triumph o're all the Pain,
 And strikes the coyest Nymph, and dullest Swain ?
 These beat their Breasts, and 'other rend their Hair,
 Like Lovers wedded to Despair :
 Not more could be the Cry, if the last Doom,
 The dreadful change of Time and Place were come.

Dam. No longer in Suspence then let me stay ;
 But tell, that I may mourn as well as they.

Alex. Take then, oh *Damon* ! take the worst in Brief !
 The worst ! for it admits of no Relief :

Urania ! Sweet *Urania*, whom there's none
 But wou'd in goodness their Superior own ;
 In whom were join'd each Virtue and each Grace,
 These in her Mind, and t'other in her Face ;

Urania ! in whose Conduct we did find
 More than we could expect in VWoman-kind ;
 The darling Favourite of the Mighty-nine,
 Whose Wit was still employ'd on Themes Divine :
 Ev'n She --- Oh Heav'ns ! ---

Dam. I fear --- but yet, speak on.

Alex. Then bear, and burst with Grief --- she's dead and gone !

Dam. Oh killing Sentence ! which I die to know !

Alexis, prithee say that 'tis not so :
 But see, thy Eyes run o're ; in them I view,
 The fatal News y'ave told me, is too true !

Alex. Too true indeed ! --- when I my Thoughts advance,
 And do reflect on Fortune, Fate, and Chance ;
 How many Accidents disturb our Rest,
 How soon we lose the Bravest and the Best,
 How they no more are priviledg'd from Death,
 Than ev'n the vilest Insect that draws Breath ;

Subject

Subject to worst of Wrongs, oppress'd with Care;
 (Of which *Urania* thou hast had thy Share!)
 How swift, by Heav'n's inevitable Doom,
 They're snatch'd from hence, and hurry'd to the Tomb;
 Leaving the Wicked and the Vain, to waste
 And feed on Blessings they could never taste;
 I hardly can this Impious Thought forbear;
 The Gods of our Concerns take little care,
 Or that (as now) they're something too severe.

Dam. Alexis, Do not blame Divine Decree;
 And the strict Laws of strong Necessity;
 For since Eternal Justice cannot Err,
 What that inflicts, we shou'd with Patience bear;
 I need not tell you, all must dye ere long.

Alex. True, *Damon*, — but not all dye while they're Young:
 As for the Aged, let 'em pass away,
 And drop into their Tenements of Clay;
 It does not trouble me; for they must go,
 Must feel the sting of Death, and shortly too:
 But then the Youthful, Healthy, Gay and Strong;
 We might with Justice hope, may live as Long:
 And She, you know, was in her Lovely Noon,
 In Nature's Pride, her full Meridian bloom;
 Not half her Glass (Ah brittle Glass!) was run,
 Not half her nat'ral Term of Years was done:
 That, that's the Wound! —

Dam. Hold, Stop this Gust of Grief;
 'Tis in your Power to give your Self Relief:
 Think Her (as sure She is) amongst the Blest,
 And has begun the Sabbath of Her Rest;
 Think that she's freed from all that world of Woe,
 Under whose weight she labour'd here Below;
 And you will find more Just Cause to be glad,
 Than thus to be immoderately sad.

Repine not then *Alexis*, 'tis not well; ---
 Yet, since y'are on this Subject, prithee tell
 By what sad Fate the sweet *Urania* fell:

Alex. A mortal, but a lingering Disease
 Upon the Spirits of Her Life did seize;
 Her strength decreas'd; and every fatal Day
 Still took a part, till All was born away:
 Pale, wan, and meagre did her Cheeks appear,
 Though once a Spring of Roses flourish'd there.
 Thus long She lay, with strong Convulsions torn,
 Which yet, were with a Saint-like Patience born,
 Till Nature ceasing (rather, forc'd to cease)
 Gave her a painful, but a kind Release.
 Go, Sacred Nymph, ascend the spangl'd Sphere,
 For it has long wanted thy Lustre there.
 Faithful and Loving to the last She prov'd,
 And better did deserve to be Belov'd:
 Here *Colon* I cou'd ---

Dam.--- Mention not his Name,
 But let your Subject be his matchless Dame.

Alex. So many are Her Virtues, and so vast,
 And croud upon my Memory so fast,
 'Tis difficult on what Part to begin;
 And 'twill be hard to leave, when once I'm in.
 Her Converse was from all that Dross refin'd
 That is so visible in Woman-kind;
 So sweet, so fraught with Heav'nly Innocence,
 I dare believe! She cou'd not give Offence.
 By Practice, She did Virtue's Path commend;
 And honour'd all that wou'd be Virtue's Friend:
 Perhaps the Vain and Vicious were Her Foes;
 But, who would care for pleasing such as those?
 Her Ardor still to Heav'nly Things, did show
 She learnt to be an Angel here below.

Pious,

Pious, devout, and to Her Self austere;
 Hardly a Day but was half spent in Prayers;
 'Tis Heav'n's Command, that we should pray for those
 That are our bitter, most inveterate Foes;
 Hard Lesson! hard to us, so prone to Sin;
 But 'twas a very easie one to Her;
 Her Charity did everywhere extend
 For to be poor, was to make Her a Friend;
 All this She was, nor did She less excell
 In the great *Past-art* of writing well;
 Her charming Strains did please the nicest Ear,
 And even the haughtiest Swains were proud to hear.
 Ah sweet *Urania*! of all Woman-kind,
 Where hast thou left one like thy Self behind,
 Unless the chaste *Mirrana*? who, but She?
 Thy virtuous Sister; For in Her we see,
 Thou dear departed Saint, how much we've lost in Thee!

Damn. By Heav'n, *Alexis*, Thou so well hast shown
 The Virtues of the Nymph, for whom you mone;
 In such sad Numbers told the fatal Cause
 That from your Eyes this bleeding Deluge draws;
 I've caught it too, plung'd in the same Extreme,
 Nor blush to weep upon so just a Theme.

Alex. Such pious Grief Heav'n cannot but forgive,
 That lets the Virtuous in our Memories live!
 But see, if now thou dost some Tears let fall,
 There goes a Sight that will engross 'em all!
 The sweet *Urania* (Oh untimely doom!)
 By Virgins born to Her eternal home!
 See, with what mournful Pomp the Scene appears,
 The Swains all speechless, and the Nymphs all Tears!
 Instead of flow'ry Wreaths, with Chaplets crown'd,
 Their Temples are with Funerall Cypress bound;
 Although they speak not, yet their Looks impart
 A lasting Anguish, and a bleeding Heart!

Ha!

Ha! *Damon*! See, on the sad Bier, display'd
 Where all the Riches of the Earth is laid!
 You sigh, but Ah! you know, you sigh in vain;
 You'll never more behold Her tread the Plain:
 No more you'll hear that sweet harmonious Voice,
 Which none yet ever heard, but did rejoice:
 For ever ceas'd are all Her matchless Lays;
 Heav'n has clos'd up the Volume of Her days!
 Oh Grief! that I can think on the chaste Dame,
 Think that She's dead, and not become the same!

Dam. Cease, dear *Alexis*, lest it should be said
 We fail'd in our last Office to the dead;
 Let's follow then the Mourner's gone before;
 It cannot add to our Affliction more
 To see Her laid in Dust, (once bright and brave)
 And strew sweet Flowers upon her honour'd Grave.

FINIS

